

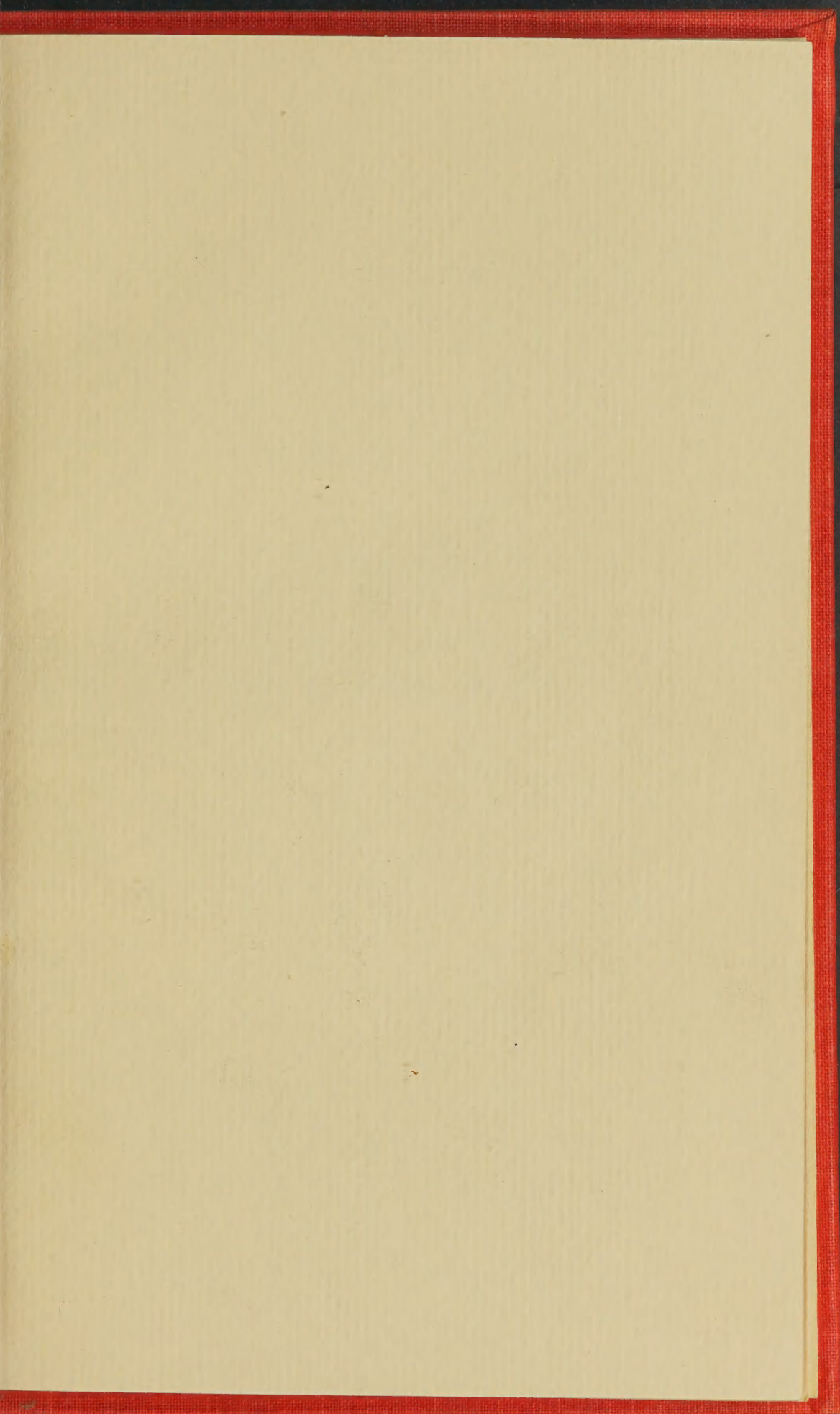
ROWLANDS - WHEN GOSSIPS MEET - LONDON, 1818

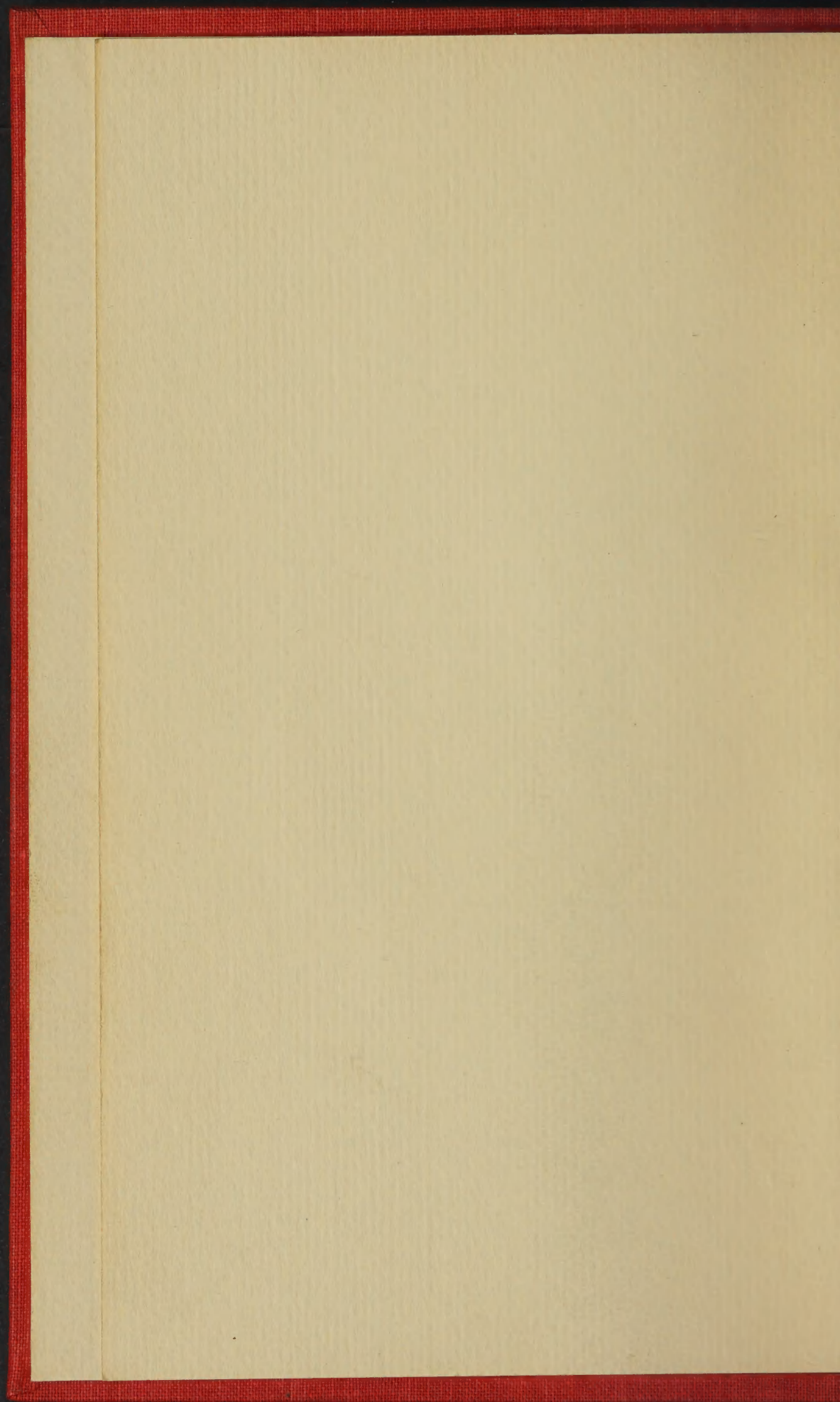






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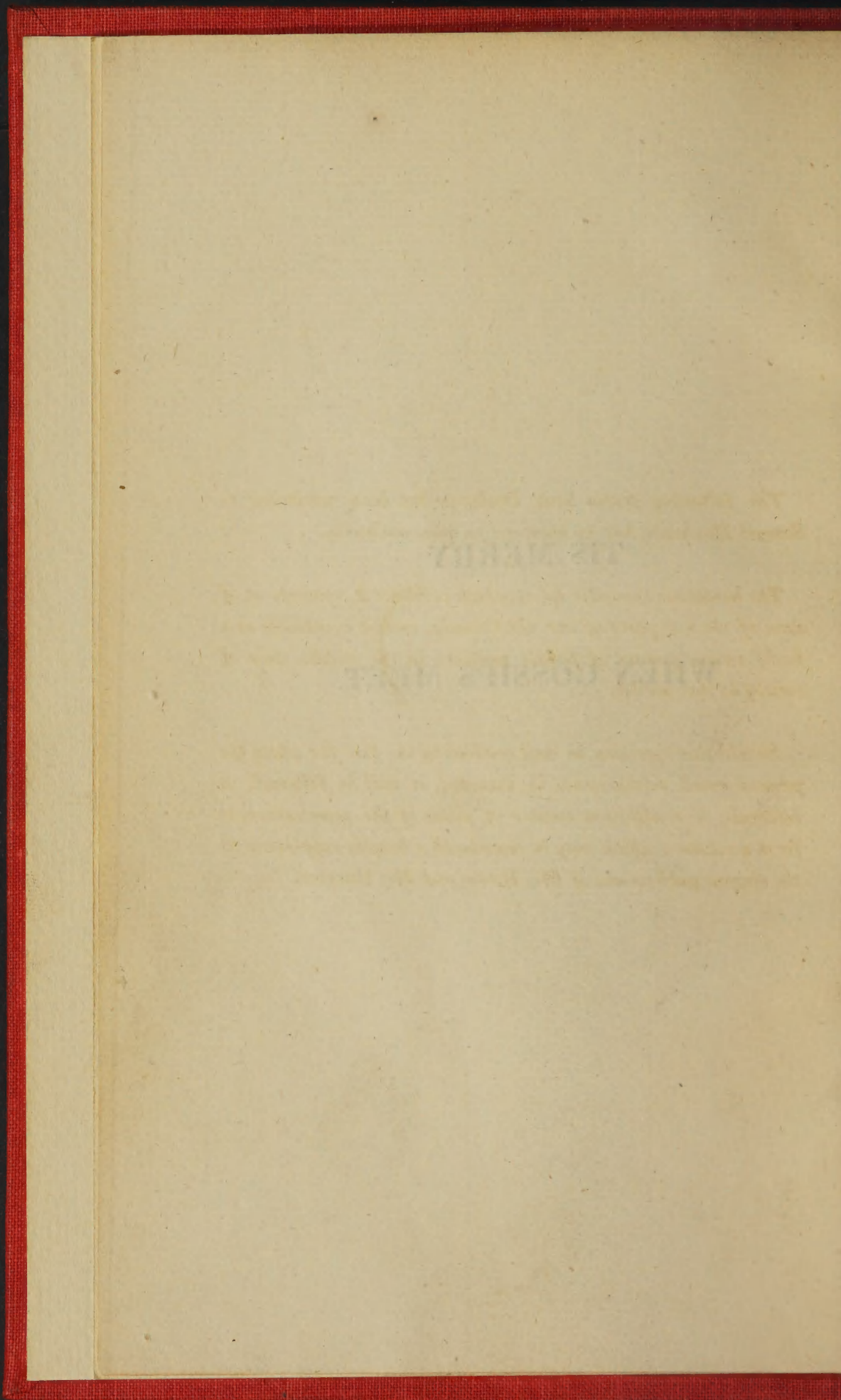




TIS MERRY

WHEN GOSSIPS MEET.

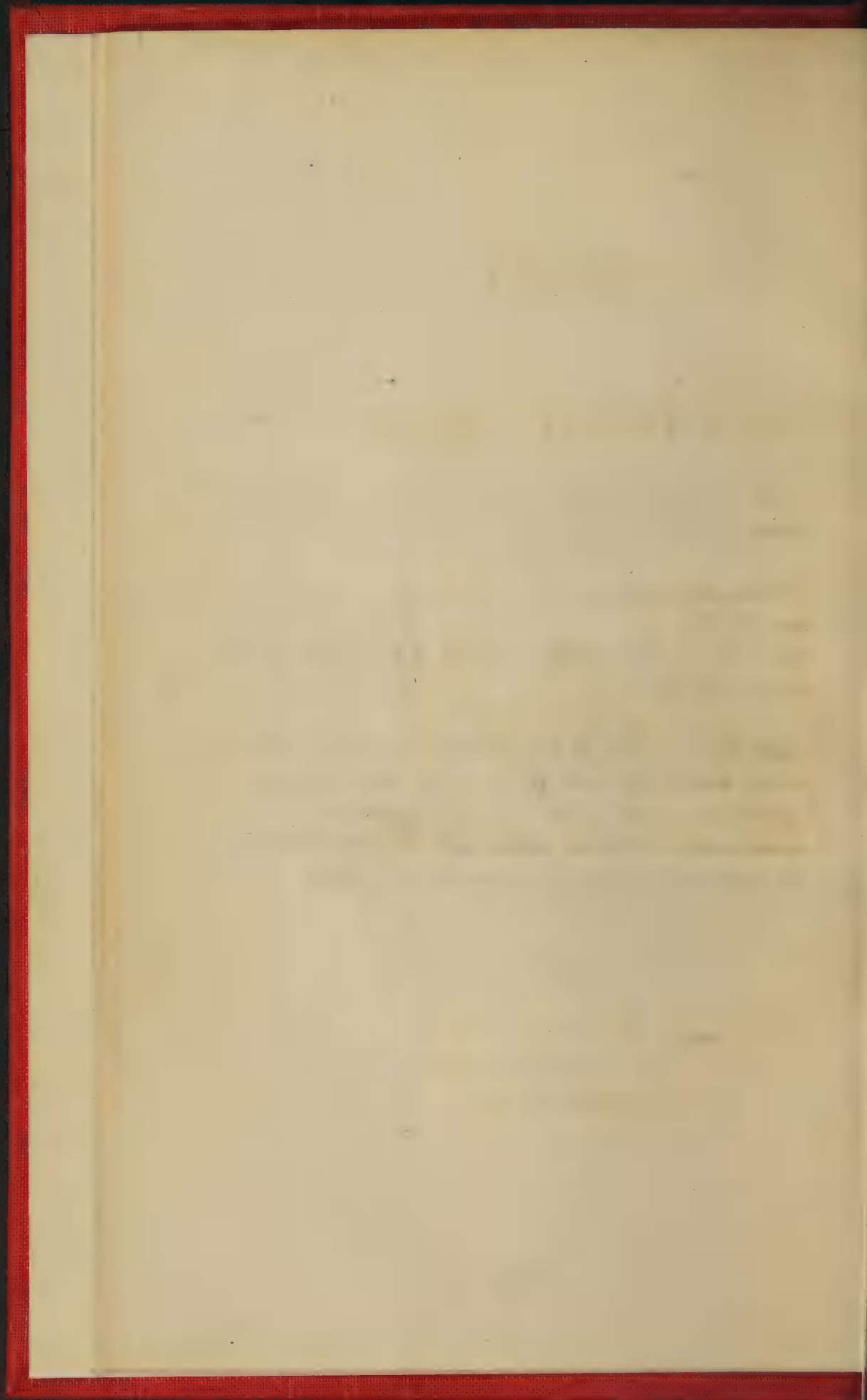
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The following scarce little Dialogue has been attributed to Samuel Rowlands, but we know not on what authority.

The humorous dramatic spirit which pervades it, reminds us of some of the best parts of our old Comedy, and it is valuable as a lively satiric picture of female manners in the middle class of society at that period.

Should this specimen be well received by the few for whom the present small reimpression is intended, it will be followed, at intervals, by a sufficient number of pieces of the same nature, to form a volume; which may be considered a humble supplement to the elegant publications of Mr. Ritson and Mr. Utterson.



TIS MERRY

WHEN GOSSIPS MEET.



Samuel Bowlands

LONDON:

Printed for Iohn Deane, and are
to be sold at his shop under
Temple-barre, 1609.

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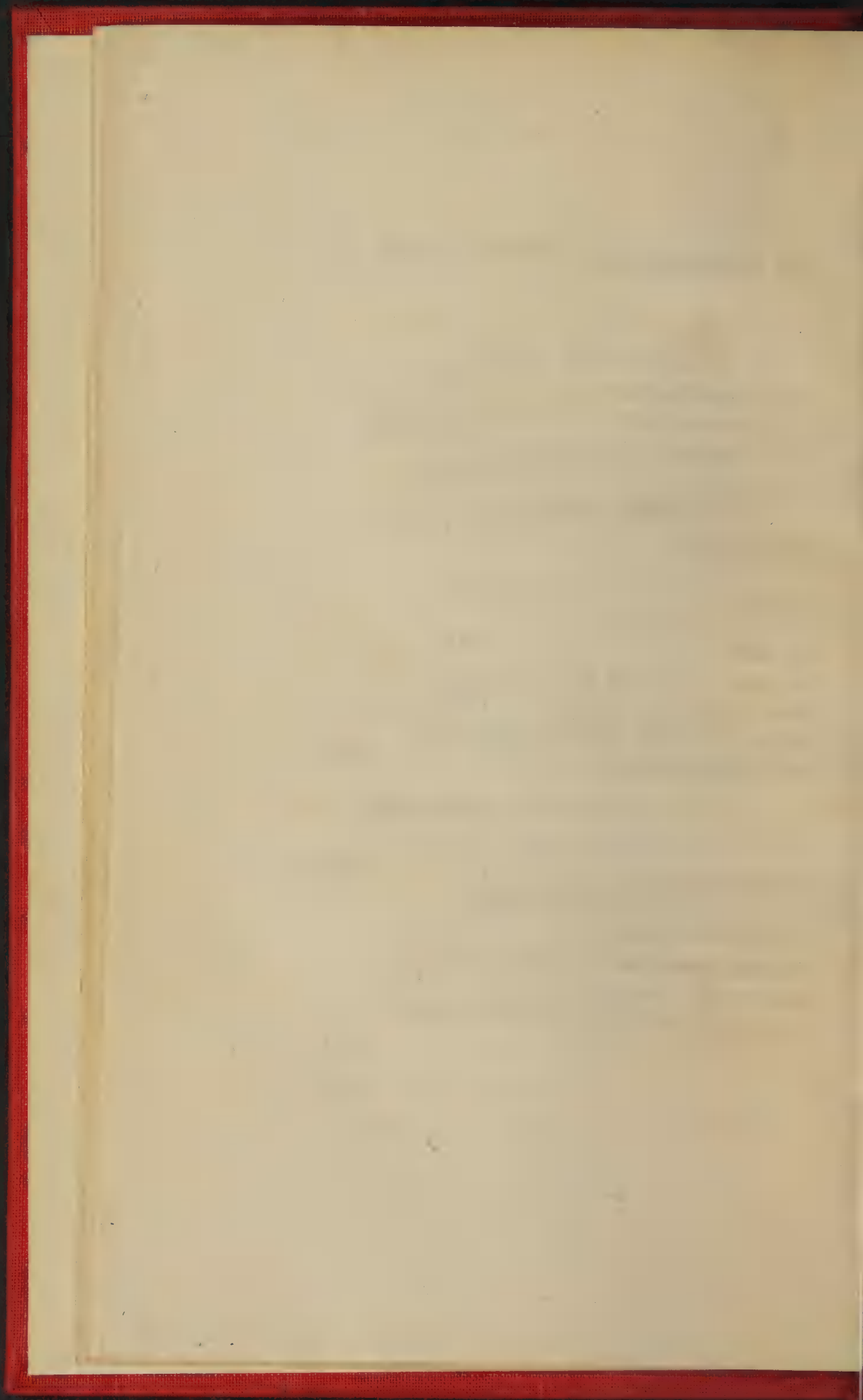
In Commendations of this Booke.


I CANNOT tell how others will thee like,
But my conceit is, thou art passing wittie:
No viperous tongue thy pleasant vaine will strike?
And if they should (infaith) the more 'twere pittie
Thou medlest not with *Wiues* which ciuil bee,
But *Widdowes* wanton; *Maydes* of mean'st degree:
What reason then haue Enuious, enuie thee?

Thou art not seated in a sumptuous chaire,
Nor do thy lines import of maiesty:
Thy table is not deck't with costly faire
Thy seruants at a call, Anon will crie.
Indeed thy drinke is (Spirit, Vigor, Life,
No spurre to Enuy, nor no prop for Strife)
Good wine, which cheare's a *Widdow*, *Maide*, or *Wife*.

Thou art not thwack't with bawdy riball stuffe,
Nor doost thou touch in ought a Vertuous creature:
Thou need'st not care though Vice at thee do snuffe,
A vicious man is like a fiery meature,
Which shewes farre off a terror to the eye,
Yet as a flash of lightning soone doth dye:
But thou of Myrth, and not of Hate, art framed.
A Gossips friendly meeting, art thou named.

I. S.



 Tis merry when
Gossips meet.

The Conference.

Widdow. GOOD den good Coussen ; Iesu, how de'e do ?

When shall we eate another *Dagger Pie*?

You are a stranger, Christ, when met we two ?

I muse you do not call as you go by :

What lucky businesse, pra'y, hath brought you
hither ?

Wife. That we should meet at *Tauerne*-doore together !

In truth (kind Cousse) my comming's from the
Pawne,

But I protest I lost my labour there :

A *Gentleman* promist to giue me *Lawne*,

And did not meet me, which he well shall heare.

Wid. Some lets may happen in the way vnknowne.

Wife. He hath been hindred, that's to bide vpon.

Wid. Why how now, *Besse*? to passe vnseene doost thinke?
Where go'st my wench? (*Bes.*) To see my brother
Steven.

Wid. Heere's *Widdow, Wife*, and *Maid*: efayth let's drinke
A parting pint, and so God make vs euen:
Slip in good Coussen, you are next the dore,
Won pinte of kindnesse and away, no more.

Wife. No in good faith: in troth I must away,
My husband's forth, our shop must needs be tended,
Mayde. My mother's gone to church, I cannot stay,
If I be found from home, shee'le be offended:

Wid. Ile leade the way my selfe: Lord, heere's a life,
I know these shifts since I was Maid and Wife.

Wid. Where shall we be? (*Vintner.*) I pray go vp the
staires.

Wife. Good Coussen, no, let's take it standing heere,

Wid. Beshrew me then, where euery one repaires,
Ile none of that, wee le have a roome my deere:
Come, you looke that I should be your leader.

Wife. Cousse, that's because you are a nimble treader.

Vint. Y're welcome Gentle-women ; what wine drink ye ?

Wid. Al's one to me : what say you, Mistris Besse ?

Wife. What wine's the best for our complexions thinke ye ?

Vint. I have no physicke. (*Wife.*) Yet good brother gesse.

Wid. Why, ha'st good clarret? (*Vint.*) The best in
London.

Wife. Either fill good ; be briefe, or leau't vndon.

Vint. Heere, gentlewomen, this is neat and pure.

Wife. Pray tast it Couz, you know good wine and beere.

Wid. Good Lord, good Lord ! that you grow so demure :
Let's drinke familiar, wherefore come we heere ?

This to you both, Couz, *Grace*, and Mistris *Besse*,
A full carouse, Ile haue you pledge no lesse.

'Tis pretty wine, in truth : nay fill your cup,

Wee'le have no pingling now we are alone,

If heere were men, I would not drinke it vp

For twenty pounds my selfe ; but now al's one :

Sometime wet lip, and smell the wine's enuffe,
And leese a kisse, rather then marre our ruffe.

But now let's barre dissembling to be merry,
And in good earnest entertaine our wine;
This touch, and taste, makes the sences weary,
What reason now we should be foolish fine?
No lovers nor no suter's heere, that sees it,
We haue good time and liquor, let's not leese it.

Wife. Content (say I) nay Besse Ile be thy skinker.

Mayde. Intruth (forsooth) a full cup doth excell:

Good Lord, I am become a mighty drinker.

Wid. Another pint; the fellow vs'd vs well:

Wife. I by my troth, the wine is good in truth:

Fill tother pint. (*Wid.*) Prethee go right, sweet
youth.

Wid. Now Cousse, heere's to our friends in *Soper-lane*.

Wife. Let come, sweet Couzen, I will pledge them all.

Wid. But Iesu Christ! what is become of *Iane*?

Wife. Oh, shee is gone to dwell by *London-wall*.

Wid. Good God (insooth), I neuer was more merry,
Then when we both did dwell in *Buckler's-berry*.

Now, heauenly Christ, how pleasant we haue bin,
But yet one time we had a cruell stirre
A draper's man and she were mighty in.

I pra'y what's she with him, or he with her?

Wife. Faith, both in loue: well, Iane's an honest Mayd:

Wid. But, Lord, the pranks that we mad wenches
playd.

My Mistresse got my Maister to consent
One Midsommer, shee being very ill,
To leaue the Citty, and go lye in *Kent*,
By which good hap, we had the house at will:

There *Roger*, *Iane*, and I, met euery night.

Wife. Heere, Besse:—good brother fil's a quart of
white.

Wid. No musique in the euening we did lacke,
Such dauncing Coussen, you would hardly thinke it;
Whole pottles of the daintiest burned sack,
T'would do a wench good at the heart to drinke it.
Such store of tickling galliards, I do vow,
Not an old dance, but *Iohn come kisse me now*.

And let them talke and praise the marriage life
 To be so ful of pleasure, as they say;
 I that have liu'd both Widdow, Maide, and Wife,
 And try'd all pleasures euery kind of way;
 Know what to do, and will maintaine this still,
 That of the three, Maides haue the world at will.

Wife. Efayth they haue and haue not; for you know,
 (Put to the doore, heere's none but friends you see)
 They say, Loue creepeth where it cannot go:
 Maids must be married, least they mar'd should bee:
 I will be sworne, before I saw fifteene,
 I wisht that I my wedding day had seene.

Tush tittle tattle: *Besse*, it must be done,
 My Coussen thinkes not as her wordes import,
 I could not for a world haue liu'd a Nunne:
 Oh, flesh is fraile, we are a sinfull sort;
 I know that beautious wenches are inclinde
 To harbour handsome men within their minde.

Coussen, you meane because a Mayd is free,
Hauing no head to keepe her body vnder,
She liues a life not bound so much as we:
The *Iest* is simple, and it makes me wonder,
That you which haue with *Venus'* sports bin fed,
Should put such errors in a Mayden's head.

Wid. Nay, but I pray you vnderstand my reason,
The youthfull fauours that they do attaine,
For this you know that all the wooing season,
Sutors with gifts continuall seeke to gaine
Their Mistresse' loue, to ioyne with their affection,
With words and liues, humbled in subjection.

Wife. That's very true, the bounty of their loues,
Are lib'rall still with many a kind respect;
In conscience I had twenty paire of gloues
When I was Maid, giuen to that effect:
Garters, kniues, purses, girdles, store of rings,
And many a hundred dainty pretty things.

Wid. Well, Cozen, well, those daies in date be past.

Wife. T'is very true, with vs that world doth change.

Heere stands a cup of wine, pray who dranke last?

Wid. Why that did *I* to *Besse*: Lord, Maids be strange:

They looke for thousand words of sweet, and pray,

And take few things, to which they say not nay.

Mayde. T'is Maiden's modesty to vse deniall,

A willing offer commeth twice or thrice.

Wid. But heere's a cup of wine doth stand for triall,

Your Maiden-ship takes liquor in too nice:

Pray mend your fault kind Besse, wee'l none of
that,

Wine and virginity kept stale, drinke flat.

Mayde. You are too blame, in truth, we drinke like men,

Now by my truely I am e'ne ashamed.

Wid. Tut wench, God knowes when we shall meet agen;

Nor need we feare of husbands to be blamed;

Our cent of wine shall not by them be felt,

The married wife in kissing will be smelt.

Wife. Oh, Couz, if that be all the worst, I care not,
He take allowance euen with the best:
This cup to you, you shall not say I dare not:
My husband smell? Oh Iesu! there's a iest,
I care as little for my husband's smelling,
As any wench this houre in London dwelling.

Wid. T'is well you need not, sure I take him kinde.

Wife. As kind a man as woman need to lye with.

Mayde. Would I as well were fitted to my minde,
A louing man who would not liue and die with.

Wid. My husband did to other loues incline.

Wife. Nay, mine is constant, by this cup of wine.

Mayde. Now Christ, how *wiues* and *widowes* take occasions
T'inlarge their husbands credits, or dispraise:
Some harbour ielous thoughts, some kind perswa-
sions:

In some match men, in some the women straies:
And when they meet, they so discourse and scan
About whose choyce hath got the kindest man.

Wife. Alas! (good Besse) thou speak'st thou knowst not
what,

Thy iudgement is not worth a walnut-shell:
There's an old graue prouerbe tel's vs, that
Such as dye Mayds, do all lead apes in Hell:
I rather whiles I liue, would yearely marry,
Then waighting-maide on such preferment tarry.

Mayde. That *Prouerbe's* prooffe can do you little stead,
But married wiues, oft giues, and takes such claps,
Taurus so rules and guides their husbands head,
That euery night they sleepe in Horn-worke caps:
I pray what prouerbe is it that allowes
The Diuel's picture on your husbands browes.

Wid. Enough, you wrangling wenches, fie for shame,
Take me in drinke, leaue out your disputation:
Pray brother fill a pinte more of the same.

Wife. Coussen belike you meane to drinke in fashion,
We shall be trim'd, and haue our wits refinde;
Efaith we shall, if you may haue your minde.

Wid. Now, to your husband, Cousse, this full carouse.

Wife. In truth I pledge you, and I thanke you truely:

To all our friends, Besse, at your mothers house.

Mayde. Thankes gentle Mistris Grace, I dranke but newly.

Wife. Beshrew, my heart, this wine is not the worst.

Wid. Good-faith, methinkes tis better then the first.

Wife. But, Coussen, pre'thee art not yet towarde marriage?

Wid. Truly, I am, and am not, as it standes:

A gentleman of passing gallant carr'age

Doth ply me hard; one that has prettie lands:

Handsomere man neuer in shoo did tread,

By this good drinke, a kinder ne're broke bread.

To try his loue, sometimes I faigne me sicke,

And (by this candle) he will sit and weepe.

Wife. Now by my troth, that's ene my good-man's tricke,

Let me complaine; Christ what a quoile hee'le

keepe!

Asking what ayles my sweet-hart, tel me, honny,

My loue, my doue, my lamb, my pretty conny?

Wid. See, see, how say: but sirra Coussen, than
 I force a sigh with halfe a dozen grones;
 This comes (sayes he) to lye without a man.

Wife. My husband sayes, kind loue, thou breedst yong
 bones;

Well, *Iohn*, (say I) you iest to see my paine,
 Then (by this wine) the foole will weepe againe.

Wid. Cousse, you are happy you haue such a one,
 Make much of him; a Iewel, wench, thou hast;
 But I had one would let me grunt and grone,
 The veriest clowne; but well, 'tis gone and past,
 If he had liu'd Coussen, I do protest,
 I would haue done a thing: well, let that rest.

He neuer trust a red-hair'd man againe,
 If I should liue a hundred yeares, that's flat:
 His turne cannot be seru'd with one or twaine,
 And how can any woman suffer that?
 I know 'tis better to take wrong then do it,
 But yet in such a case flesh leads vs to it.

Mayde. Why is a red-hair'd man of so bad life?

What say you to a yellow flaxen haire?

Wid. Not one among a hundred true t'his wife

That constant loyal-harted thoughts doth beare.

They loue, but how? as did the youth of *Greece*,

From euery wench to gaine a golden fleece.

And they whose minds haue this corrupt infection,

(Because I would haue Besse to take good heed)

Are such as are cal'd *Sanguine* of complexion,

I prethee Girle, let no such sutor speed:

I speake it by experience and good trial

Of all haire-cullours giue that haire denial

A *nut-browne* colour, or an *aburne* either,

May both do well, and are to be allow'd:

A *waxen*-colour hath no great fault neither;

But for a ragged chin I firme have vow'd,

It shall by me perpetuall be abhor'd,

And with my heeles *I* scorne it by the Lord.

A man whose beard seems scar'd with spirits t'haue
bin,

That wants the worthiest grace, length, bredth,
and thicknes,

And hath no difference twixt his nose and chin,

But all his haire haue got the falling-sicknes;

Whose fore-frunt lookes like Iack-an-Apes behind:

Shee that can loue him, beares a scuruy minde.

Wife. I pray you, what say you to my husband then?

Wid. The rar'st complexion that you can deuise,
The golden sentence proues blacke-bearded-men,
Are precious pearles in beautilous womens eyes:
Their loyal hearts none iustly can controule,
I loue a blacke man, Couzen, with my soule.

Wife. Let Besse note this; for when I was a Maide,
And to the love of men began to bow;
I gaue great eare to that which women said,
When they were merry met, as we are now;
Yea and my mother did perswade me too,
Wench (would she say) note what your elders doo.

That lesson, without booke, was straight mine
owne,

She need not to repeat it ouer twice;
I quickly smelt what t'was to liue alone,
What to be kind in loue, what to be nice.

Vint. Anan, anan, what is't (forsooth) you lacke?

Wid. Sauceages, brother, and a pint of sack.

Mayde. No more in sadnesse, now 'tis time to part,
In conscience it is sixe a clocke at least.

Wid. Wee'le haue a reckoning after t'other quart.

Mayde. They say enough's as good as any feast.

Wid. In deed my wench, enough's a feast, that's right,
But we want that, which lye alone all night.

Wife. You both may mend that matter when you will,
Whose fault is't but your owne you do not marrie?
God made not *Besse* to liue a Mayden still.

Mayde. Faith, t'is my mother's counsel that I tarrie;
She alwayes sayes, when young men come a
woing,
Stay daughter stay, you must not yet be doing.

Wid. Now, in good faith, your mother is too blame,
To wish so womanly a wench to stay;
She knowes fifteene, may husbands iustly claime.

Mayde. Fifteene, why I was that last Lady-day:
You are deceiu'd, for I am no such youth,
I am sixteene when next March comes in truth.

Wid. Beshrew, my heart, but that's a goodly time,
I would to Christ that I could say so too;
I would not linger out my youthfull prime,
Nor stand and aske my mother what to doo:
No, I could tell, I trow, as well as she,
Toward *Batchelers*, how Maidens ought to be.

Mayde. I, I know something too: but what of that?
Our parents wils you know must be obay'd.

Wife. Well, say they must: yet shall I tell you what
A scholler told me when I was a Mayd,
Of marriage knot, they haue no power to break it,
Now by this sacke, a learned man did speake it.

Wid. 'Twas nothing but sound truth which he did tell,
For husbands, we our parents must forsake.

Wife. Were this wine burn'd Coussen, it would do well.

Mayde. Faith I was thinking on it when you spake;
My mother sayes burnt sacke is good at night.

Wife. A'my word *Besse*, your mother's in the right.

Brother, I prethee let this wine be burn'd,
And see (good youth) the sauceages be ready:
To one good meaning our three minds be turn'd,
When sacke is sugered t'will not be so heady.

Mayde. We drinke so much, my cheekes are passing
warme.

Wife. Sweet *Elsabeth*, good wine can do no harme.

Yet trust me Coussen, when I was a girle,
For tauerne, no young man could get me to it,
Neither for love, gold, precious stones, or pearle:
My tongue deny'd, when heart inclin'd to do it:
For (by my faith) I euer lōu'd good wine,
But oft refrain'd, I was so mayden-fine.

Wid. Well, wot you *Besse* to whom Ile drinke to now?
Sure as I live unto your sister *Sisse*,
And to the youth that did the angell bow,
And sent it for a token: truth halfe this:
He loues you both, vpon my word he doth,
Resolue it; or you wrong him *Besse*, in soth.

Mayde. His loue to me I little do regard,
Perhaps my sister doth respect it more.

Wid. Then *Elsabeth*, in truth you vse him hard.

Mayde. How hard? he had his answere long before?
I will not loue him whatsoere befall,
Ile haue a handsome man, or none at all.

Wid. Go too, go to, his riches doth excell.

Mayde. A figge for wealth, 'tis person I affect.

Wid. You are a foole, he will maintaine you well.

Mayde. I tell you, I a propper man respect:
De'e thinke that I with such a dwarffe will store
me,
That shall disgrace me when he goes before me.

Ile haue a comely man from head to foot,
In whose neat limbes no blemish can be spide :
Whose legge shall grace his stocking or his boot,
And weare his rapier manly by his side :
 With such a one my humour doth agree,
 He shall be welcome to my bed and mee.

Wife. Besse, and th'art wise, hold that opinion still,
For were *I* to begin the world tomorrow,
In such a choice, *I* would my minde fulfill :
And so *I* drinke to thee : come on, hang sorrow :
 Wench, let it be thy rule at any hand,
 To make thy choyce euen as thy mind doth stand.

Many do match (as true as this is wine)
With some Dunce, Clown, or Gul, they care not who,
For no cause but to be maintained fine,
And haue their wils in what they please to do :
 When their hearts loues as much in other things,
 As there is vertue in mine apron-strings.

Wid. Faith, 'tis too true.—Fough, what a filthy smell?
As sure as death *I* am e'ne like to choke.

Mayde. Methinkes I feele myself not very well.

Wife. Now out vpon't, it is *Tobacco* smoke:
Knocke, Cozen, knocke, heere is a filthy
smother,
For Gods love quicke: some *Iuniper* sweet brother.

Wid. There cannot be a more detested stinke,
And yet you see how dainty many make it.

Mayde. As true as this is wine that I do drinke,
I would not for a crowne kiss one that takes it.

Wife. My husband is so kind an honest man,
That heele touch none, if I say, Do not *Ian*.

Wid. His commendations certaine is the more,
With one another we are bound to beare,
He beares with you, fauour you him therefore.

Wife. Surely I do, as both of you shall heare:
'Tis death to him to smell but a goose-pye,
And therefore goose-flesh never do I buy.

Wid. That's a strange matter sure; I love a goose,
But for a wood-cocke I did neuer care.

Wife. When I eat pigge it makes my body loose.

Mayde. I loue a tender rabbet, or a hare,
A turkey-pie, or pigion for a need:
But on grosse butcher's flesh I cannot feed.

Wife. Coussen, when I lay in of my first boy,
Lord how I long'd to eat a partridge wing;
And when it came, my stomacke had no ioy,
But all my minde was of another thing.
Thou shalt lacke nought (quoth *Iohn*) that gold
will buy,
Why, then (sweet-hart), let's haue a cherry-pye.

If *London* yeeld it (*Loue*) thou shalt not lacke,
So kind, methinkes I heare him still repeat it;
But hasting downe the staires, I cald him back,
'Tis full of stones (quoth I) I cannot eat it:
With that he kist me, and began to weepe,
And I being somewhat heauy fell asleepe.

But then I fell into the strangest dreame
Of fire and water that you euer heard :
And I was troubled Cousse the most extreame,
With one all night, that had a yellow beard :
And with a cocke had neither spurres nor combe,
And with the little bitch you haue at home.

Wid. Why surely now you talk of dreames in sadnesse,
I dream't last night two cattes did leape and skip,
Playing together with great sport and gladnesse,
Untill one came to part them with a whip :
I laughed that my heart did ake thereat,
To see the foolish fellow whip the cat.

Wife. A pretty iest : but Besse to whom de'e drinke ?
I spy a fault, you do your selfe forget :
The wine stands waiting in the cup me thinke ;
Prethee my wench, lets haue our lips kept wet.
I pledge thee my girle : nay sweet now drink
it vp,
A *Gossips* round, that's euery one a cup.

Wife. Next house to mine a *Gentlewoman* lies.

Fidler. Wilt please you, *Gentlewomen*, heare a song?

Wife. Good fellow, now we are about to rise:

Where stayer the *Vintner's* seruice boy so long?

Shut dore pray Cossen, after that base groome,

Weele haue no fidling knaue disgrace our roome.

Wid. Well, go to Cousse, go forward with the rest.

Wife. What rest, I pray? I know not what you meane.

Wid. No, why of her that is your neighbour's guest?

Wife. Tis true, t'is true, my gallant silken queane:

I had forgot the talke I was about,

The Fidler comes me in, and puts me out.

Why she, forsooth (an't please you), is so fine,

She neuer drinkes vnlesse she dine or sup,

And then she hath her penny pot of wine.

Wid. Marry and gip, some body take her vp:

Some Doctor's wench a' my word for her skill,

That takes in diet by the dram and pill.

Wife. My husband doth alow me Ile be sworne,

A pint a meale, as true as we sit heere :

I tell you (as my friends) I would e'ne scorne

To dine or sup without it in a yeere :

He knowes (efaith) to please me in my diet,

Or for a month I shall be out of quiet.

Then if he sees me out of patience once,

Oh Christ, how he will seeke to [make] amends ;

Then do I sigh to grieue him for the nonce,

Wherewith, hee'le kisse and say, Sweet loue, be
friends :

I let him kisse, and speake me faire a while,

And when the sullen humor's past, I smile.

Wid. I cannot chuse but praise thy pretty wit,

It is the very course that I would take,

Thou entertain'st his humour passing fit.

Mayde. Why, I thought men had lou'd for kindnesse sake ?

Wife. Alas, plaine wench, God knowes thou art not in it,

She that will settle loue, must this way win it.

Mayde. Indeede I never heard that tricke before,
I thought mens loue must still be fed with kindnesse.

Wife. God help thee *Besse*, not one among a score,
That poore opinion is but Maidens blindnesse:
In these things thou knowest little, it appeares,
But it will come, for now thou com'st to yeares.

Why woman, if we seeme not in behauiour,
As though we car'd not greatly to consort,
They'le thinke forsooth they do vs mighty fauour,
And we must seeme beholden for our sport:
So best in strangenesse we our meanings hide,
Which makes them loue, and giue good words
beside.

This for instruction *Besse*, I haue disclosed.

Mayde. In truth I yeeld more thanks then may be told.

Wid. Heere's to you both against you are disposed:
Lord, while you talke the sauceages wax cold,
Come, draw your kniues: fall to, I pray begin,
You know cold puddings are not worth a pin.

Wife. How pretty salt they tast: but tis the better.

Wid. Most rare efayth to drinke [our] sacke withall;
Besse, pray go too, will you remaine my detter?
Why de'e not pledge me? troth and fayth you shall.

Mayde. Nay sure all this: trust me t'is more then need
In truth, in sadnesse, now in very deed.

Wid. Well, if you do not, Besse, you do me wrong,
You shall not be forsworne for twenty pound.

Mayde. How't burnes my belly as it goes along.

Wife. My turne is next, and so it passeth round:
Looke, *Gentlewomen*, is it full de'e thinke?
I scorne to be intreated take my drinke.

Wid. Why laugh you Cossen? sweet lets know.

Mayde. An odde conceite I thinke on, makes me smile,
When I am forth in company, or so,
How by the dram I take in wine that while,
Kissing the cup, vpon the wine I frowne,
And so with smelling it, I set it downe.

Some simple fooles (all manners for his wit)
Comes on me with the French salute most quaintly,
And sayes, Sweet, mend your draft, you drink no
whit ;

Introth you shew your selfe too mayden-dainty :
Drinke better, Lady, at my kind request.
I say, sweet Sir, I can no wine digest.

Wid. Marry wee'le beare you witnesse when you will,
Ile take my oath on twenty Table-bookes,
The last full cup hath made you mighty ill :
Some *Rosa-solis*, see how pale she lookes,
Another pinte of that she tasted last,
To breake wind with, and then the worst is past.

Wife. Good (efait), good, my Cousse is in the vaine,
Ile match you for it wench, I hold a crowne :
Fill none, vnlesse you'le drinke about againe.

Wid. Content say I, you cannot put me downe ;
How say'st thou, *Besse*, shall it be so girle, speake ?

Mayde. If I make one, pray God my girdle breake.

Wife. Talke not so loud, what will folke thinke that heare?
The very *Vintner's* boy laugh't when you spake.

Wid. Had *I* seen that, *I* would haue found his eares;
Why, Maister Boy, wee le pay for that we take:
Base groome, I say, although thou tak'st me
mellow, [fellow.
Know, smooth-facst knaue, *I* am your Mistris,

Wife. Good Lord, what ayles my Coussen be so hot?
'Tush let it passe, you know boyes sawcy be.

Wid. It shall not be forgiuen nor forgot,
Your Maisters liues, you slaue by such as we:
Call for a reck'ning;—let's know what's to pay?
By heauen I scorne a minute more to stay.

Brother, I pray is it your Maister's minde,
Your fellow boy should flout guests when they drinke?

Vint. My Maister's will is for to vse you kinde.

Wid. T'will scath him more, my friend, then he doth thinke.
What is thy name? (*Vint.*) Forsooth my name is *Will*.

Wid. What country man?—(*Vint.*) Forsooth at Fish
street hill.

Wid. *William*, we come not heere to be abused,
There are more Tauernes besides your's in towne;
We can go where we might be curteous vsed.

Vint. Intruth forsooth my fellow's but a clowne.

Wid. *William*, we have some credit where we dwell;
And *William*, boyes should vse their betters well.

For *William*, say the case were but your owne,
And that you were as we are at this season,
With friends a drinking where you are vnknowne,
Would you be flouted?—(*Vint.*) By my faith no
reason.

Wid. *William*, thou answer'st like a youth of sence,
For surely *William*, t'is a great offence.

And *William*, I would haue you vnderstand,
Weele pay your maister for the wine we haue.

Vint. O Lord, forsooth, as sure as in my hand.

Wid. *William*, we come not to intreat or craue;
We met together, *William*, at your doore,
And entred for a pint, which fals out more.

William, we will not be beholding (see yee)
 Vnto your maister more then to another:
 T'is for good wine and welcome, we come to yee,
 Or farewell *William*, and you were my brother:
 And therefore *William* this abuse we scorne,
 For we are *London-Gentlewomen* borne.

Wid. Why *William* know, heere's neither *Cisse* nor *Kate*.

Vint. No, so God helpe me, I do see you are not.

Wid. Thinkes sawce your fellow, we vse parrets prate;
William our talke is honest, and we care not
 If all the parish were in place to heare it:
 No by this cup. (*Vint.*) Ifaith you need not
 sweare it.

Forsooth, I trust your wine was very good?

Wid. *William*, I graunt the wine was not amisse,
 But that base boy hath vext me to the blood:
 A man, *William*, would nere haue offer'd this;
 The prouerbe sayes, t'is manners that doth make,
William, giue guests good words for manners sake.

William when cam'st thou in this house to dwell?

Vint. Forsooth, about three yeares agon last May.

Wid. *William*, serue God, and please thy maister well,
T'will be thine owne *William*, another day:

Your maister's marri'd *William*, is he not?

Vint. Yes forsooth, yes; a mistresse I haue got.

Wid. *William*, your maister hath no children by her?

Vint. No forsooth, but I thinke she be with child,
To haue a boy she hath a great desire.

Wid. So would not I *William*, for boyes be wilde:
Though girls cry *William*, till they be be—st,
William, giue me a girle, take boyes who list.

Wife. Coussen, you do forget your selfe methinke,
When Besse and I come home we shall be chid.

Wid. Pray fill the cup to *William*, let him drinke.

Vint. In truth, forsooth, tis the last thing I did.

Wife. Good *William* drinke; I prethee *William* doo.

Vint. Forsooth I pledge you, and I thanke ye too.

Wid. *William*, let's know to pay, and there's an end?

Vint. Marry forsooth three shillings and a penny.

Wid. *William* lay downe their mony, none shall spend;

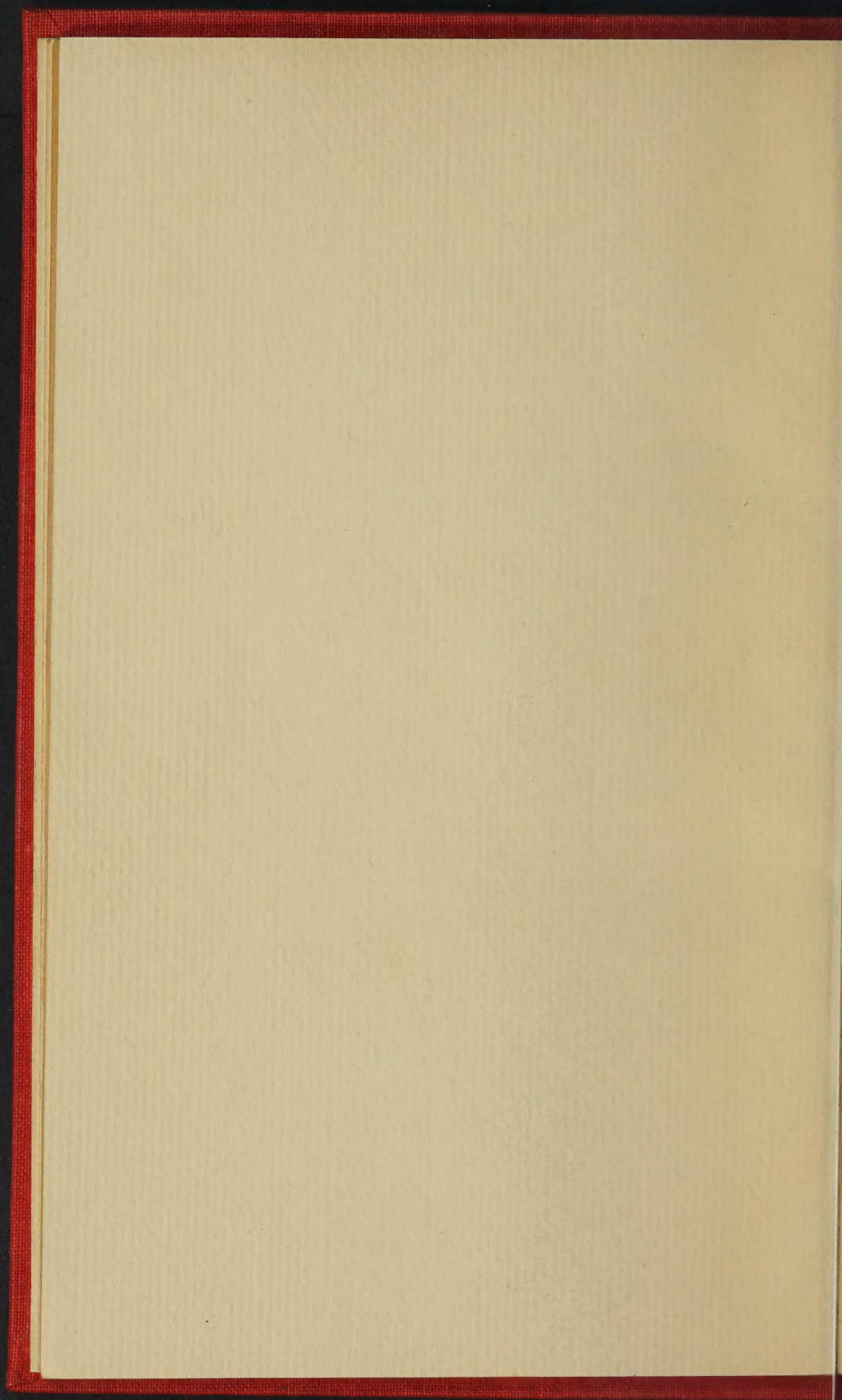
Coussen, and *Besse*, pray'y do not offer any:

Harke, Bow-bell rings, before the Lord tis late;

William good night, prethy take vp thy plate.

FINIS.

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